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UNCLE'S WILL

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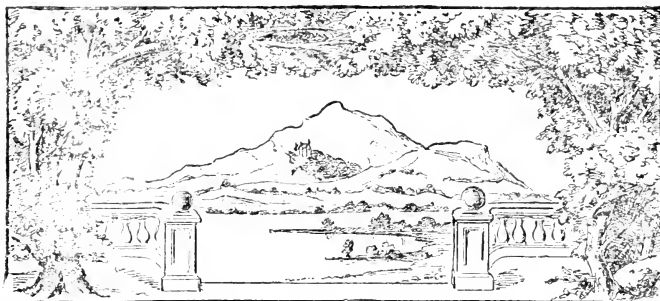
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MY UNCLE'S WILL.

A COMEDIETTA,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

S. THEYRE SMITH,

AUTHOR OF

"HAPPY PAIR," "WHICH IS WHICH?" "CUT OFF WITH A SHILLING."

*This Piece is the property of Mr. Samuel French, without
whose written permission it cannot be played
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UNCLE'S WILL.

A. Sitting-room in a House at Brighton—At back a large Window, facing the Sea, opens on to a Balcony— The time is Evening—The Sea may be seen sparkling in the Moonlight—As the Curtain rises, CHARLES CASHMORE slowly passes the Window from R. to L., with a cigar in his mouth.

Enter MR. BARKER, L. II. D.

BARKER. Charles! (*sniffing.*) Dear me, a very strong smell of tobacco. Charles! Where can he be? Florence! where is she too, I wonder? They're not together, that's all I can be certain of. Was ever such a contradictory couple? Just because a fortune's left them on condition that they marry, they've made up their minds to detest each other. £50,000 left to them if they marry each other, and forfeited by the one who refuses the match. Very strange arrangement, I allow, very strange. A great question whether it will answer, two people bound to each other in this unnatural way! What can come of such a marriage, except misery and Siamese twins? But he always was a strange man, their uncle Stephen, a strange fellow—stood five feet four, but very eccentric. Ah! dear, dear! I shall never look upon his like again. Warm-hearted; but such a cast in his eye! Dear! dear! Well, perhaps it's all for the best; for if they both refuse, the money comes to me. Dear me, what a smell of tobacco! Charles!

Enter CHARLES from balcony.

CHAS. Well!

BARKER. Charles, I say!

CHAS. I know you say Charles. (*looking in*) Oh! it's you, Mr. Barker.

BARKER. (*up R.*) I say, my dear boy, there's a terrible smell of smoking.

CHAS. (*down L.*) Is there, sir? Ah! perhaps there is; I've been having a weed out here.

BARKER. You shouldn't, Charles. Not that I care about it myself a bit; but Florence will be dreadfully annoyed. It wouldn't matter if the wind were the other way, you know; but as it is——

CHAS. But, bless my soul, sir, I can't keep my eye perpetually on the weatherecock, in order not to annoy her. I am to wait for a favourable breeze, I suppose, before I light up, and then throw my cigar away half-finished, because the wind has shifted. Hang it, sir, am I only to smoke, "weather permitting," like the funnel of a pleasure-steamer?

BARKER. (*aside.*) That don't sound much like a lover, eh! (*sits. Aloud.*) Pooh! pooh! Charles, you mustn't be unreasonable. I can tell you, my dear fellow, that a married man must——

CHAS. But I'm *not* a married man, thank goodness.

BARKER. Well, but you and Florence are next door to married, and——

CHAS. (*sits, L.*) Ah! but people may be next-door neighbours for a long time without being better acquainted.

BARKER. I don't understand you, Charles. Do you mean to refuse to marry Florence?

CHAS. No, I don't refuse.

BARKER. (*aside*) No—no such luck! But, my dear boy, you must make up your mind at once; for, you'll recollect, there's only a week left of the year which was allowed you and Florence, by your uncle Stephen's will, to—— (*sits, R.*)

CHAS. I know, sir—to force a crop of love out of season like a dish of early peas, to coax just sufficient affection to get through the marriage service without perjury. I think such a will as my uncle made is a piece of abominable presumption.

BARKER. But, Charles, he was so anxious that this marriage should come about.

CHAS. (*at table, L.*) Then his anxiety went the wrong way to work, sir. What way more likely to set us against each other than to leave his fortune to Florence and me, only on condition of our becoming husband and wife; to ordain that whichever of us refused to fulfil this contract should forfeit his or her share in favour of the other? Bless my soul! such a will would breed dissension in Elysium.

BARKER. Nay, but, Charles, listen to me—forgive me for worrying you about this; but my own position with respect to this money is very delicate——

CHAS. Yes, I know, sir.

BARKER. For, in case both you and Florence decline to marry, the entire sum of £50,000 comes to me.

CHAS. Yes, yes, I know, sir. (*impatiently rises*)

BARKER. Well, then—but, my dear Charles, you're smoking in the room now.

CHAS. (*fretfully.*) Yes—yes—I know, sir. (*recollecting*) Oh! smoking? Oh! ah! yes! (*strolls off to balcony*)

BARKER. Now, can they ever be happy together ? Never ! It's only kind to separate them ; and any little device which one may employ to bring about that end (*feeling in his pocket*), why, it's common humanity. So I've got two photographs here : one of a lady, and the other of a gentleman. There we'll put the gentleman (*suiting action to word*) into her work-box ; and when we've an opportunity, we'll put the lady into his hat (*rubbing his hands*), and the best results may be anticipated. Not that I do it to benefit myself—oh ! no. If this money comes to me, it will all be spent in charity—I should found an asylum for insane dogs ! That has been the dream of my life ; and perhaps I'd better mention it to Charles. (*calls*) Charles !—it will shew I've no mercenary motive—Charles !

CHAS. (*leaning against window and looking in*) Well, sir ?

BARKER. I just want to explain to you that, should this money by any accident come to me, I shall employ it all in charity.

CHAS. Indeed, sir !

BARKER. Yes, Charles. You're aware, of course, of the great increase in the number of cases of hydrophobia of late years.

CHAS. Can't say I was.

BARKER. Oh ! yes ; the cases are now 6,254 times as numerous as they were at the time of the deluge—statistics shew it.

CHAS. Of the deluge ! Well, now, I should have fancied, if there ever was a period when hydrophobia would have been common, not to say excusable——

BARKER. Now, the root of the matter is, of course, the

dogs; and those poor lunatics must be our first consideration. Therefore, if this money comes to me, I intend to found an asylum for insane dogs—a canine Bedlam, Charles.

CHAS. You don't say so, sir! (*aside*) And he'll be the maddest dog among them.

BARKER. But, ha! ha! pooh! it will never come to me, of course; you don't mean, I'm sure, that you don't care for that girl?

CHAS. (*crossing and sits on sofa, R.*) Care for her? Pooh! (*blowing smoke out*)

BARKER. Why, where's the objection to her? Isn't she pretty?

CHAS. 'Pon my word, I scarcely know; I never look at her if I can help it.

BARKER. (*aghast*) Never looks at the girl he's going to marry!

CHAS. No; why should I? I'm to have nothing else to look at for the rest of my life, I suppose, so it is as well to be economical.

BARKER. But, Charles, think how accomplished she is. Why, my dear boy, she speaks three languages.

CHAS. I can swear to two, at any rate; for I observe she uses quite a different one to me, to what she does to other people.

BARKER. You should hear her speak French; 'gad! you'd think it was her own language.

CHAS. Aye, no doubt, from the liberties she takes with it.

BARKER. And then she plays: why, it's a real pleasure to me to hear her practising.

CHAS. A pleasure! Jove! it sickens me—that everlasting conjunction of the Virgin and the scales.

BARKER. (*seated, L.*) Come, come, Charles, be reasonable; don't let any silly scruples or absurd romance prevent your carrying out your uncle's intentions. 'Tis not a pleasant thing to be bound to take one particular partner for life, I allow; some minds couldn't consent to it. An intimate friend of my own, some time back, was left just in this way; renounced the legacy, and went to Australia, where he found a nugget. Ahem! fortune favours the brave—ahem! But don't let that weigh with you. A very fine fellow he was—tall, but romantic. Don't imitate his example; sacrifice the nobler feelings of your nature a little, for the sake of the fortune. Friend of mine did so once—excellent man; stout but superstitious—destroyed himself soon afterwards, poor fellow! But don't let that influence you, don't. But, Charles, you're smoking again! (*looks off, R. S. E.*) And here comes Florence. O dear! what she'll say, I don't know——

CHAS. And I don't care. (*going off balcony, C. L.*)

BARKER. There's a speech for a lover!

Enter FLORENCE MARIGOLD, R. S. E.

FLOR. Dear me! (*crosses, L.*) What a dreadful smell of smoke! I declare it makes me quite sick.

(*turns up light on table*)

BARKER. (*L.*) Yes, my dear. Charles——

FLOR. Oh! that is explanation enough, Mr. Barker; the mention of Mr. Cashmore's name quite accounts for the sensation I referred to.

CHAS. (*passing window*) Pleasant that! Ha, ha!

(*passes on*)

BARKER. Dear, dear! I'm sorry to hear you speak

in this way, Florence. There may be a good deal that is objectionable about Charles, but you should try to look on the bright side.

FLOR. How can I, Mr. Barker, when he has none—where each side is equally rude and unpolished?

BARKER. Well, well, I allow his manners would bear mending.

FLOR. (*sits on sofa*) Nay, they are positively too bad to mend—no patching can restore them; nothing but a new set will be of any avail; he has absolutely the manners of a bear—worse: I declare he behaves to me as if he were my husband; if he had sworn at the altar to love and to cherish me, he could not treat me with more shameful indifference.

BARKER. (*sits beside her.*) Oh! yes, very sad; but as long as that vow has not been taken, you are still—still free, you know.

FLOR. Eh?

BARKER. You need not fulfil the contract, my dear, you know, unless you like.

FLOR. What! and hand over the £50,000 to him for the benefit of some other woman, some creature he has fallen in love with abroad! Is it likely, now?—do the very thing he wants me to do—is it likely, now?

BARKER. (*aside*) Plaguey unlikely, indeed, whether you marry him or not. (*aloud*) Of course, my dear, I see you intend to marry him.

FLOR. I've not decided what I shall do.

BARKER. But you've only a week left, now, to—

FLOR. Yes, I know, Mr. Barker.

BARKER. And if you don't come to an understanding by then, the money reverts to—

FLOR. Yes, I know, sir.

BARKER. And will go to found a hospital for insane dogs.

FLOR. Yes, I know—the money will go to the dogs, whether you get it or Charley, most likely.

BARKER. Come, come, Florence, you must not let your high principle and your nobler feelings stand in your light in this matter. It never answers—at least not always. I certainly did know a young lady, a pretty girl, though far inferior to yourself, but a pretty girl, blue eyes and golden hair, and a beautiful singer, situated much as you are, who boldly refused to sell herself, as she called it. But she was romantic—married an earl afterward. Ahem! virtue is its own reward!—ahem! But you must not be moved by this. You may not love Charley now, perhaps, but love always comes after marriage, they say, and no doubt it does. Knew a case myself—a lady who rather disliked her husband than otherwise when she married him; fell desperately in love afterward—head over ears, my dear, most satisfactorily—except that, now I think of it, it was with the wrong man—man in the army, a major, but unprincipled—ended in somebody's shooting somebody—I forget who. Sad—very sad. But you must not mind my tale. Charles is a very nice, good-looking—
(*rises*)

FLOR. (*rises*) Mr. Barker, if he were as handsome as Apollo, I should still detest a man that I was obliged by will to marry. I'm left to him—left as if I were a mere piece of property, something in the stocks, or so many railway shares, or a cellar of wine—legacy duty to be paid on me perhaps, and a photograph of me,

for all I know, to be seen for a quarter at the Surrogate's office. It's wicked, its shameful!

BARKER. So it is, my dear; so it is. (*soothingly*)

FLOR. I'm a martyr; that's the real fact—an unhappy martyr.

BARKER. So you are, my dear.

FLOR. But if I'm driven to marry him——

BARKER. (*aside*) Some one else will be the martyr then—not a doubt of it.

FLOR. If I were a man it would be different; but a poor, unprotected girl. (CHARLES *enters*; BARKER *rises, goes to R. of table*) Thank you, Mr. Cashmore, for smoking in the room where I have to sit.

CHAS. Don't mention it—quite welcome.

(*takes off his cap, puts it on table, c.*)

FLOR. Impertinent!

CHAS. (*aside*) Now, I'll rile her. (*aloud*) I've such a joke to tell you, Mr. Barker.

BARKER. Have you, Charles? what is it?

CHAS. Why, when the Thunderer was off Kingston—(*looks at FLORENCE*) Ah! never mind, I'll tell you some other time.

BARKER. Nay, that's a shame, Charley; come, what is it?

CHAS. No; another time, sir. Besides, perhaps it's not worth telling, after all,

BARKER. Pooh! pooh! Charles; let's hear it.

FLOR. Why trouble him about his joke, Mr. Barker? a man may really do what he likes with his own.

CHAS. I did not say that it was my own.

FLOR. You said it was not worth telling, which is much the same thing.

CHAS. Then, as it happens, it is *not* my own.

FLOR. No ; I never supposed that wit of yours could be honestly come by.

BARKER. Oh ! come, come ! (*aside*) That doesn't sound much like marriage, I think, or rather a great deal too much like marriage to be at all like courtship.

CHAS. She's in a beautiful temper, ready to fly out at every thing. I'll just provoke her till she's in a thundering rage, and then—then if she accepts me, there's no trusting a woman for the future. (*to Barker*) Would you mind leaving us for a minute or two, Mr. Barker ? (*strolls out on balcony, humming an air*)

BARKER. Certainly, certainly. (*aside*) They'll fight like fury ! (*aloud*) Ahem ! I can't think why they've not sent the tea up, Florence ; I'll go and see about it (*with meaning*) You must be prepared for Charles saying something pointed, you know, my dear, and—and, so be on your guard.

FLOR. Thanks for the warning, Mr. Barker ; the surprise might have been too overpowering, considering how blunt his remarks usually are. (*Exit BARKER, R. H. D., slipping photo into CHARLES' cap as he passes. After a pause, FLORENCE looks towards c. then turns back again*) Now, as long as I can keep him thoroughly out of temper, he can't for very shame propose to me. It's abominable that I should be driven to such expedients, but perhaps it's rather wrong playing with fire in this way. (*CHARLES continues to hum*) Mr. Cashmore, if it would not be asking too much, would you oblige me by ceasing to make that shocking noise on the balcony ?

CHAS. (*down c.*) Shocking noise ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! I declare I can do nothing right.

FLOR. A sad confession of incapacity indeed, and the sadder for its undoubted truth.

CHAS. (*aside*) Confound her! (*aloud*) I declare I haven't the privileges of a dog.

FLOR. Oh! how can you say so when you've been baying the moon for the last twenty minutes?

CHAS. (*sits, R.*) Twenty minutes! Time must pass very quickly with you.

FLOR. That depends upon my company. (*looks at her watch*). Only nine o'clock. Dear me! I thought it was much later. But you should be careful how you expose yourself to the moon, Mr. Cashmore, for they say that it has a tendency to send people out of their minds.

CHAS. No doubt! The honeymoon—ha! ha! Don't think I am paying you a compliment; but the man who marries you should be possessed of every virtue under heaven.

FLOR. (*with look of surprise*) Well, I'm sure, indeed, but you are very complimentary. (*softer tone*) Should he indeed?

CHAS. Yes; for, by Jove! he'll need them every one.

FLOR. If you can't speak without insulting me, I beg you will hold your tongue.

CHAS. (*aside*) Ah! I thought that would do it! (*aloud*) I'm agreeable, I'm sure.

FLOR. Agreeable! you never were more mistaken, never in your whole life.

CHAS. Quite an epoch in one's existence then, by Jove!

FLOR. Don't use words you don't understand.

CHAS. What words don't I understand? (*crosses to her*) Ha! ha! You think I'm a fool, it seems.

FLOR. No—no, I don't; I don't go entirely by appearances.

CHAS. (*angry*) How?

FLOR. There, there, be quiet, pray. (*aside*) I've kept him off so far.

CHAS. (*aside*) Hang it! it's I that have lost my temper.

Sets himself behind her, with his back towards her. A pause—he yawns—she frowns a little—he looks at his watch and sighs—she frowns again—he yawns again.

FLOR. (*losing patience*) Did you speak?

CHAS. I? No; why the dickens should I speak?

FLOR. To conceal your thoughts; they are not polite.

CHAS. My thoughts are my own.

FLOR. That accounts for their want of politeness, but does not excuse it.

CHAS. Well, I wonder what you'll take offence at next? I should have thought that as long as I kept my mouth shut——

FLOR. Which you didn't, you know. You yawned twice.

CHAS. (*warmly*) Pardon me, I only sighed, Miss Marigold.

FLOR. Indeed! May I ask who taught you sighing?

CHAS. 'Gad! you should know.

FLOR. Well, perhaps I can guess. (*thoughtfully*) Was it—a—Grampus?

CHAS. (*aside*) Hang her! (*aloud*) What do you know about Grampuses? Who's using words she doesn't understand now?

FLOR. Oh! I am not as ignorant as you imagine. I have some acquaintance with *sea-monsters*, you know—ha! ha! Mr. Cashmore, ha! ha!

CHAS. (*rises*) What a confounded temper she has got! There's no putting her out.

FLOR. And what was the weighty cause for this powerful sigh? Will you condescend to put into words the thoughts that turn to breath so loudly?

CHAS. As you're so good at guessing, perhaps you'd better guess again.

FLOR. (*contemptuously*) How should I know what makes men sigh? Debts, perhaps, debts of honour, as they call the most dishonourable of all debts! Giving, as their fashion is, the best names to the worst things.

CHAS. Ay; it is on that principle they called women angels, I suppose.

FLOR. You are insolent, Mr. Cashmore.

CHAS. (*aside*) That's done it! (*aloud, stage r.*) Ha ha! Come, don't lose your temper.

FLOR. I lose my temper? What! for any thing you can say? Ha! ha! You must think my temper is worth as little as yours is.

CHAS. I fancy I know what my temper is worth better than—any one else does.

FLOR. No doubt; for they say that a man never knows the real value of a thing till he's lost it; so you ought to indeed. Ha! ha!

CHAS. (*aside*) There's no provoking her. I must do something desperate.

(*throwing himself on chair, L., beside her*)

FLOR. (*startled*) Are there no other seats in the room, Mr. Cashmore?

CHAS. None so comfortable as this.

(*stretches out his feet, puts them on stool at her feet*)

FLOR. Upon my word! Am I to have that footstool, pray, or you?

CHAS. Suppose we toss for it.

FLOR. Sir! *(rising indignantly, crossing, R.)*

CHAS. *(promptly stretches one leg on sofa where she has been sitting)* I've a lucky sixpence somewhere.

(feeling in his pockets)

FLOR. Your rudeness is past all——

(choking with rage)

CHAS. Now, then, will you cry, or shall I? *(she bursts into tears)* Oh! you.

FLOR. You—you dreadful bear! You—you——

(goes towards door, R.)

CHAS. What! for wanting to toss you? If you'd said bull now——

FLOR. Mr. Cashmore, if I can help it, I'll never speak to you again. *(goes up, c.)*

CHAS. *(thoughtfully)* Well, that might have its advantage, supposing we married. But no, no. Hang it silence gives consent. That will never do. Stop, Miss Marigold. I must be mad to lose such an opportunity; she'll never be in such a heavenly temper again. *(louder)* Miss Marigold, ahoy!

FLOR. I beg you'll remember, Mr. Cashmore, that you are not on board ship now. I can be spoke—don't you call it?—without a “Miss Marigold, ahoy!”

CHAS. *(eagerly)* Yes, yes — I beg pardon. *(aside)* Ah! that heavenly favour. *(aloud)* I want to say a word to you, please. *(aside)* There's a charming “No!” on the very lips of her. *(aloud)* I've something to ask you. *(crossing to c.)*

FLOR. *(aside)* Good gracious! is there no stopping him! *(aloud)* Then you'd better put off your request till another time, for just at present, whatever you ask I shall be quite certain to refuse.

CHAS. (*eagerly*) Yes, yes; I know—I mean—(*aside*) There's not a moment to be lost.

FLOR. (*aside*) There's no stopping him! What shall I do?

Turns her head from him. CHARLES takes her hand and draws her towards him. She allows herself to be drawn, following a little reluctantly, with head averted.

CHAS. I need not call to your recollection, I am sure, the will of our late confounded uncle—I mean of that departed saint, our Uncle Stephen.

FLOR. (*in a low voice, without turning to him*) No, Charles.

CHAS. (*with a start, dropping her hand. Aside*) Charles! I don't like that. (*aloud*) Well, then, you'll remember, of course, that in obedience to the provisions—(*aside, uneasily*)—in obedience—she's infernally quiet—(*aloud*) in obedience, I say, to the provisions of that most iniquitous doc—that is—(*aside, looking at her*)—what the plague is she blushing about?—(*aloud*) of that most righteous document, I am bound, whether I like it or not—that is, in fact, in accordance with the last wishes of our Uncle Stephen, I now beg to offer you—(*she turns to him, smiling sweetly—his face blanks suddenly—a chair! (bringing one down to her. Aside)*) Confound that smile!

FLOR. Well, dear?

CHAS. (*aside*) Dear! This will never do. (*aloud*) Under the circumstances—— (*retiring, L.*)

FLOR. (*following him up*) Well, dear?

CHAS. (*retiring again*) I am compelled——

FLOR. (*following*) Yes, love.

CHAS. (*retiring*) For—for a short time——

FLOR. (*following*) Well, darling?

CHAS. (*gaining door*) To—to leave you.

(*Exits quickly, L. H. D.*)

She makes a comic courtesy as he exits, then turns triumphantly.

FLOR. Victory! Oh! his face when I turned and smiled on him; when I—what do they call it?—unmasked the battery! Poor—ahem!—rude, impertinent, cruel, hateful—(*her voice softens with every word*)—poor Charley! Ah! dear. I've won the victory; but who was it said a victory was the next saddest thing to a defeat? How he detests me! Heigho! (*perceiving his cap as she puts chair up*) Ah! the spoils of victory abandoned by the enemy in his retreat. (*takes it up suddenly and photo drops out of it*) What's that? Oh! his carte-de-visite. Ah! I wanted to see it, and, of course, I couldn't ask. (*takes it up, starts violently, drops cap, c.*) Oh! oh! indeed! Very fine! Upon my word, a woman! So this is the reason for the change in him. Now, if anything could be more insulting than the way in which he has behaved to me lately, it would be giving this person as the reason of it! Surely no one could—no, no; I'm sure it's impossible! And this is his taste, is it? How going to sea brutalizes a man! I wouldn't have believed it. Such a—I'm sure she's a foreigner; there's something very French about her face—about all of her, in fact, except her dress. Ha! ha! nothing French about that—that's homely enough. Well, now, my course is plain—now I hesitate no longer. While I thought that he probably loved me still, that it was the feeling of compulsion only that vexed him, I might, perhaps, have

—but now that I know he detests me—now that I'm convinced he loves another—*now* let him beware how he proposes to me! For if he does, I'll accept him instantly. *(Exits, R. S. E.)*

Enter CHARLES cautiously, L. H. D.

CHAS. Left my cap. Hang it! didn't leave it on the floor, though. Ah! small doubt how it came there; there's no trusting a woman for a moment. *(reflecting)* It's too bad, upon my honour, leading a fellow on in this way; giving him hopes that she never means to fulfil, and then, when he makes his offer, jumping at it in that *(sits on sofa)* indecent fashion. It's a kind of flirtation turned the wrong way, that's infinitely disgusting. 'Gad! there's no hope for me, no hope of her having taken the vow of celibacy, or fallen in love with another man *(lays his arm on table, tips work-basket over)* or—hang it! I've overturned her work-basket! Well, who cares? *(beginning to put things back in it)* What does it—hallo! what's this? A man's picture in her work-box! Well, I am—now, I should just like to know what confounded, impudent rascal this is to lay his ugly, brazen face in my wife's work-box; though what on earth she can see in such a plaguey, ill-looking fellow, I can't understand. What a contradiction woman is! I dare say now this fool has not a shilling to bless himself with; and yet she prefers an ugly pauper like this to—bless my soul! well, this settles it; surely she can't have the face to accept me when I can confront her with this! No; I hold the trump card now, at any rate, and—and the sooner we play off the rubber the better. Wonder where she's gone! Miss Marigold! Stop! St.

Cecilia, aid me. (*sits at piano, hammers at random*) This will fetch her to a certainty. Orpheus taught us long ago how savage things will follow music. That's the style. Ah! (*enter FLORENCE hurriedly and angrily, R. S. E.*) I thought so. Thanks, gentle Cecilia; you still can draw an angel down, I see.

FLOR. Oh! it's *you*, Mr. Cashmore.

CHAS. (*rising lightly*) You have reason, Miss Marigold, as the French say.

FLOR. I'm sorry I can't return the compliment, if that's the way you treat a piano. May I ask what you were playing?

CHAS. Oh! a march out of—something.

FLOR. Yes, out of time. Then no more of your marches on my piano, if you please; you might have been playing with your feet.

CHAS. Right way to play a march, too, I should say. Now, Miss Marigold, will you listen to me for five minutes?

FLOR. To your playing, do you mean? If so, I must beg to decline your offer.

CHAS. Not to my playing; but don't let that prevent you from declining my—ahem! What I have to say is this—you know exactly——

FLOR. Then you need not repeat it.

CHAS. I'm not going to; but you are well aware——

FLOR. Then leave well alone—do.

CHAS. Now, how can a man make an offer when he's pulled up short every minute like an omnibus horse?

FLOR. (*aside*) Now, it's coming indeed. (*Aloud*) An offer?

CHAS. Ay, you'll have me now. An offer is about the

only thing from a man's mouth which a woman will listen to without interruption.

FLO. If your conscience doesn't stop you, why should I?

CHAS. Conscience! You talk of conscience! Ha! ha! You see this photograph? Now, look well at it. You recognise it, I see.

FLO. Recognise it! I beg your pardon, I never saw it before in my life.

CHAS. What! when I found it in your own work-box? Pshaw! Miss Marigold. Confess the game's up! I play the knave. *(throws it on table)*

FLO. You do play the knave, or the—ahem! But the trick's mine, all the same. I hold the queen. *(shews photo)* Who's that, eh? I found it in your cap, Mr. Cashmore.

CHAS. Another trick of yours, I suppose. I never saw it before.

FLO. Don't be a coward, sir. Don't be so false as to disown the—the *creature* of your choice.

CHAS. Who's allowed a choice? I'm not. By this hideous will, I'm to be tied and bound with your hands—a fettered slave—it's monstrous!

FLO. As you regret it so deeply, you will, of course, renounce your right, and——

CHAS. *(sulkily)* I never said I regretted it.

FLO. Then you approve of this—this arrangement?

CHAS. Approve! Do you?

FLO. I think that a more wicked exercise of the rights of property was never perpetrated—that it is simply condemning helpless beings to life-long misery.

CHAS. Then you decline to fulfil our late uncle's wishes as—as per will?

FLOR. (*sullenly*) I never said I declined.

CHAS. Come, come; no equivocation. Do you or do you not?

FLOR. Then I'm to take this as a formal proposal on your part, am I?

CHAS. Proposal! I made no proposal.

(*they each take an angry turn through the room*)

FLOR. Well, you may say what you like now, but you were desperately in love with me before you sailed.

CHAS. Ha! ha! A nice idea! Wasn't the love rather the other way?

FLOR. (*angrily*) And, however you may deny it, you're in love with me still. Do you hear?—still!

CHAS. Ha! ha! ha! What will you say next, I wonder?

FLOR. Not in love with me! Why, your very watch-chain betrays you—you've a lock of my hair there at this moment. I see it now. What does that prove?

CHAS. And if I have, who gave me the lock? So!

FLOR. I *didn't* give it you; you cut it off with your own hands. So now!

CHAS. And for that purpose, you handed me your own scissors. So now!

FLOR. But you wear it now, and as a token of love.

CHAS. Pardon me. I wear it as a token of conquest. Things of this kind gain one credit with one's mess-mates, you know. I wear it Indian fashion. Victory! I've taken a scalp.

FLOR. You savage! But you can't deceive me; you would give your ears to marry me.

CHAS. Marry you! (*angry*) I wouldn't marry you if the £50,000 were £1,000,000. By my own act, make

myself wretched for life—for so much filthy lucre? No! never. There! I've said it—no! never—not if you break your heart about it, as I know you will—yes, break your heart.

FLOR. (*terrible rage*) For you!—break my heart for you? Why, I wouldn't marry you for a million. It is not you who decline to marry me, it is I that refuse to marry you. (*Enter BARKER, R. door*) I utterly and scornfully refuse your offer! There!

BARKER (*aside*) That's one. O dear! O dear!

CHAS. Refuse my offer! Refuse what I never made! I wouldn't make you the offer. I decline the bargain altogether. There!

BARKER. (*aside*) That's the other. (*aloud and advancing*) Dear! dear! what's all this? You're never really—

CHAS. The matter is, sir, that I—

FLOR. Utterly and distinctly refuse—

CHAS. To marry her.

FLOR. To marry him.

} *Together.*

BARKER. Oh! come, come now, a joke's a joke but—

FLOR. I beg you will not speak of this as a joke, Mr. Barker.

BARKER. Pooh! pooh! my dear, this is only a little bit of school-girl folly.

FLOR. You rather exceed the license which your years and position give you, sir, in speaking to me in those terms.

BARKER. Think no more of it, Charles, she's put out a little; she'll soon come round.

FLOR. You never were more mistaken; I repeat, I absolutely refuse to marry him.

BARKER. (*aside*) Good! (*aloud*) And you, Charles, you're only in joke; you're playing the fool a little—that's all.

CHAS. What do you mean, sir? I repeat, I distinctly decline to fulfil the provisions of the will; I'd sooner get my bread with a spade and a wheelbarrow.

BARKER. O Charles! that would be turning navigator after a new fashion. Ha! ha!

FLOR. And I'd sooner get my living under the worse than Egyptian bondage of a fashionable milliner.

BARKER. Oh! my dear, that's the way to get your death, not your living. But I can say no more; if you are really in earnest, you must each write a renunciation of your claims. But, pshaw! you're only joking—only——

CHAS. (*turning to table*) I'll do it this moment.

FLOR. (*turning to table*) I'll not lose a second.

BARKER. (*running to back of table*) O dear! dear! what would your poor uncle say? There's paper, best cream-laid. Can no arrangements of mine cure this unfortunate—a steel pen or a quill, Charles?

CHAS. (*sharply*) Steel, sir.

BARKER. Yes, Charles; but let me beg of you to stop a moment before you—there's the ink—I'm sure if any thing I could say would induce you to—a hard nib or a soft, my dear?

FLOR. (*viciously*) Hard, if you please, as hard as possible.

BARKER. Yes, my dear, it's just like you. Well now, I think you'd better say——

CHAS. I shall know what to say.

BARKER. Just so, Charles, just so. But I think you had better express it in some such words as——

FLOR. I shall be at no loss for words, sir!

BARKER. No, my dear, no. (*aside*) When is a woman, I should like to know? (*aloud*) No—well, then, I'll leave you for a short time, while—but do be persuaded to reconsider this—while I fetch a witness. (*aside*) To think it will come to those lunatic dogs after all!

(*Exits, L.D.*)

They sit opposite each other at table writing, glancing angrily at each other.

FLOR. Can't you write three lines without groaning and hissing in that way, Mr. Cashmore?

CHAS. Who's hissing and groaning?

FLOR. Why, you were; and though no doubt any composition of yours is well calculated to provoke such sounds, yet it puts me out.

CHAS. Ay! any thing puts you out—a temper like yours.

FLOR. (*looking up sweetly*) Do you spell fiend *i-e* or *e-i*?

CHAS. I don't know.

FLOR. No! you won't know how to write your own name next.

CHAS. Shan't I? (*a pause—they write*) How many b's are there in abominable?

FLOR. A perfect live; so you'd better not put your head in it, as one of your family did once—you recollect. (*reads to herself*) "Manners of a bear, language of a savage, cruelty of the——"

CHAS. You're using rather hard words, I fancy.

(*looking across at her*)

FLOR. Oh! I can *spell* them. (*writes*) There!

CHAS. (*throwing down pen and rising*) There! "As by my uncle's will, I am compelled either to give up

the sum of £50,000, or to marry Miss Florence Marigold, a young lady admirably calculated to make any man miserable, whose vile temper, and vixenish manners, and abominable love of talking would turn a church out of windows, I, Charles Cashmore, of my own free will, renounce my rights to the said money, and look upon such renunciation as ransom paid to redress me from a life-long captivity."

FLOR. Very poor. (*reads*) "As I am bound by my uncle's will either to renounce my right to a fortune of £50,000, or to unite myself for life to one who combines in his own person the manners of the *bear* with the language of the savage and the cruelty of the fiend, I, Florence Marigold, voluntarily and cheerfully renounce my right to the above fortune, preferring poverty and freedom to affluence and a *brute*."

CHAS. Ha! ha! very mild.

FLOR. I'm glad you think so. I was afraid it might sound bitter.

CHAS. So it does—it's both mild and bitter, like a public-house tap.

FLOR. (*indignantly*) Vulgar! The illustrations people use are a certain key to their minds; just as by the pictures on one's wall, you can tell whether the owner is a person of taste or not.

CHAS. Well, it's no use quarrelling any longer. *Actum est*, by Jove!

(*throwing paper on table, and seating himself at farther end of room*)

FLOR. Yes, it's settled at last.

(*laying paper on table, and sits on sofa*)

CHAS. Ha! ha! ha! Merely as a matter of curiosity

let me ask you, just as a peaceable explanation of your conduct, what could you do with £50,000?

FLOR. Do fifty thousand things.

CHAS. At a £1 a piece—open a charity store?

FLOR. Do! give it to the poor.

CHAS. You'd have done that had you given it to me.

FLOR. I meant the deserving poor.

CHAS. So did I. But, come, the bone of contention has disappeared; there's no use of our quarrelling any more. By Jove! Ha! ha! ha!—upon my life—ha! ha! ha! ha!

FLOR. (*aside, uneasily*) What is he laughing at?

CHAS. Bless my soul! Ha! ha! ha!

FLOR. What are you laughing at, Mr. Cashmore? Do you see any thing comic in the present business?

CHAS. Faith, I do; I always laugh most at jokes that tell against myself.

FLOR. Then how heartily you must laugh at your own. (*aside, with a smile*) I like to hear him laugh as he used to do, though.

CHAS. Ha! ha! ha! Well, we've done it now, Florence, haven't we? Ha! ha!

FLOR. (*aside, starting*) Florence!

CHAS. (*goes to table, takes paper up, and throws it down again*) "Sweet are the uses of adversity." I declare (*taking stage*) I feel as if some dull weight had been lifted off my shoulders.

FLOR. Seems to have lost his head, indeed.

CHAS. By Jove! I feel my own man again.

FLOR. In good time, when poverty has just made it impossible for you to keep a servant.

CHAS. Ha! ha!—yes, just so—very good—ha! ha!

By George! £50,000 are a heavy burden after all—too heavy; don't you think so, Flossie?

(standing behind sofa, leaning over her)

FLOR. *(aside, with a start and a sigh)* Flossie! how nice to hear it again! *(aloud)* All burdens would be heavy to those whose hands were tied; wouldn't they—ahem!—Charles?

CHAS. Of course they would. *(aside)* I'd no idea she was such a sensible girl. *(aloud)* Of course they would. *(leans over sofa)* Bless my soul! Flossie, what a pleasure it is to be able to talk freely to you again. We can be capital friends now, can't we, eh? *(aside)* What stunning hair she's got.

FLOR. Why, of course; as we're not to be husband and wife, where's the use of quarrelling?

CHAS. Where, indeed! *(aside)* No idea she was so well informed. *(aloud)* Yes, we can be the best of friends in the world. Now we'll enter into a regular offensive and defensive alliance—won't we?—whereas, if we'd gone and married—

FLOR. It would have been an offensive alliance.

CHAS. Ye—es. *(aside)* Don't feel quite so certain of that as I did. *(aloud)* Now, I say, Flossie *(pauses when on the point of sitting beside her)*—you don't mind my sitting here—here now?

FLOR. Oh! no, Charley.

CHAS. *(aside)* Charley! jolly it is to hear her call me Charley again. *(sits)* Now look here, Flossie, when—when—*(a pause; he looks at her, she looks down)*—I say, what grand eyes she's got!

(aside, and in the tone of one making a discovery)

FLOR. Well! *(he sighs as if waking from a dream)* Well, Charley?

CHAS. (*aside, uneasily*) I'd no notion she was so uncommon pretty. (*aloud*) Then we are friends again, Flossie—eh?

FLOR. Oh! yes, Charley.

CHAS. Then shake hands. (*she gives her hand, he retains it—a pause—they both sigh*) If my uncle Stephen had not been so confounded arbitrary. (*half aside*)

FLOR. What do you say, Charley?

CHAS. I say he was a good old bird, Uncle Stephen, eh?—ahem!

FLOR. Yes, wasn't he?—kindness itself!—such a dear old man to look at too!

CHAS. Wasn't he—bar the squint.

FLOR. O Charley! I am sure it was nothing to speak of.

CHAS. The less said about it the better, you mean. Yes, by Jove! never knew such a difficult man to look at in the face as he was; you never caught both of his eyes at the same time. I declare they might have been husband and wife, they both took such entirely different views. 'Gad! he was like a ship that only fires her broadsides into you one by one.

FLOR. You were born to be a sailor, Charley, for always when you're nice and natural, you use sea phrases.

CHAS. Well, ain't I always natural, Flossie?

FLOR. (*with a pout*) No; sometimes you're very unnatural.

CHAS. (*aside*) Faith, she's right. What a blessed fool I've been! (*looks at her hand which he holds*) Why, Flossie, you've got the ring I gave you on your finger now.

FLOR. (*alarmed*) Oh! have I? Ah! yes; it—it won't come off, though I pull it ever so hard.

(*affecting to pull*)

CHAS. (*rises and walks, L.*) Oh! I wouldn't pull it, you might—so you've worn this ever since, have you, Floss?

FLOR. Why, it—it wouldn't come off, Charley. Of course I have. I'm sorry it displeases you to see it here; but—

CHAS. Displeases me! (*eagerly*) Not at all, upon my honour; it has given me the first sensation of real, unadulterated rapture that I have enjoyed since that confounded will of—ahem!

(*catches sight of paper—drops her hand*)

FLOR. Well, it must come off now, of course.

CHAS. Ye—es.

FLOR. And you must give me back that locket, I suppose!

CHAS. Ye—es! I (*warmly*) give you back this locket, give back this, which for the last two years has been my only consolation in absence and danger—which, when they asked me what it was, I used to say was the hair of the dog that bit me!

FLOR. (*aside*) How nice of him! how poetical!

CHAS. Part with this! (*recollecting*) Yes, I suppose so. (*aside*) What the dickens has come to me?

FLOR. (*sadly*) Thank you, Charley.

CHAS. (*embarrassed tone*) Oh! no, no—don't thank me.

FLOR. Why shouldn't I thank you? It's for the last time, I suppose.

CHAS. Eh! why—why——

FLOR. Oh! we must be very distant for the future of course.

CHAS. Ah! yes—of—— *(sits on sofa again)*

FLOR. And get farther and farther away from each other every day.

CHAS. Yes, farther and farther.

(getting nearer)

FLOR. And from this time behave to each other as the merest acquaintances.

(she makes a bouquet and puts it in his button-hole)

CHAS. Yes *(getting quite close, takes her hand)*, the merest acquaintances.

FLOR. Almost like strangers, in fact.

CHAS. *(kisses her hand absently)* Ah! yes—like strangers.

FLOR. *(quivering tone)* Not a bit—like brother and sister, as we used to be.

CHAS. Not a bit like brother and sister—as——

(puts his arm round her and kisses her lips)

FLOR. *(rising, goes, L.)* How dare you, sir! how dare you trifle with me in this way?

CHAS. *(rising)* Trifle, Florence!

FLOR. Yes, trifle, pretending to be fond of me, when really you detest me with all your heart.

CHAS. Detest you! If I detest you, may——

FLOR. Oh! it's useless denying it—you do, you know you *do* detest me, so that every time I come into your sight you grind your teeth with disgust—I've noticed you.

CHAS. Detest you! I vow and declare I love you with all my heart, and you know it too; you won't believe it, of course, but fortunately I can prove it, past all denying. Here is your renunciation—there, I destroy it. *(tears it up)* Mine shall stand alone. You are now the heiress that you wished to be, that you ought to be. I

love you so dearly that I hereby absolutely and unconditionally refuse to marry you.

FLOR. (*aside*) How noble of him! (*aloud*) I'm sorry, Charley, that you have so bad an opinion of me as to think I would allow such an act of self-denial on your part, that I would take advantage of your generosity. No! (*tearing his up*) What pleasure do you think that money would give me without—without——

CHAS. Without—without what, Flossie?

FLOR. (*pettishly*) Without — without — if you can't guess, I shan't tell you.

He presses her to his heart—BARKER enters at same time—they see him—both go to piano—CHARLES begins to play.

BARKER. Now, then, have you two put your heads together? (*stops*) They have put their heads together, indeed. Instead of finding them by the ears, I find them by the lips. What's this, what's all this?

CHAS. Well, the fact is, we've considered the matter, and we've come to the conclusion that it is better the money should come to us than it should go to the dogs; therefore we have agreed to abide by the conditions of——

FLOR. Uncle's Will.

FLORENCE and CHARLES sing a duet as curtain falls.

CURTAIN.

MUSIC OF BURLESQUES, OPERAS, & DRAMAS TO LOAN.

NOTE.—Piano and vocal parts are marked p. v. The figures in columns denote the PRICE per MONTH.—DEPOSIT: TWO MONTHS' HIRE (or double the following amounts is required) in the first instance as the deposit, half of which will be returned if the music be sent back within the month. No music can be loaned for less than one month. The deposit does not cover the cost of the music.

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Avenger, 13 band parts	10	0	Evil Eye, 6 band parts	5	0
Babes in the Wood [Byron] burl. p. v.	20	0	Exile, 4 band parts	5	0
Bandit of the Blind Mine, 5 b. pts	5	0	Fair Helen, opera, p v	7	6
Bare-faced Impostors, farce, p. v.	5	0	Fair Rosamond's Bow er, burl., p v	10	0
Battle of Hexham, p. v.	3	6	Fairyland, fairy play, p v	7	6
Beauty and Beast [Keating] p. v.	5	0	Farmer, opera, p v	2	6
Beggars' Opera, vocal score	3	6	Father and Son, drama, 5 band pts	5	0
Black Eyed Susan, drama, full score	5	0	Field of Cloth of Gold, burl., p v.	20	0
Black Eye'd Susan, drama, dedi-			Field of Forty Footsteps, 7 b. pts	7	6
cated to R. W. Ettison, p. v.	5	0	Flying Dutchman, 7 band parts	15	0
Black Eyed Susan, burl. p. v.	20	0	Fortunio, extrav., 10 band parts	15	0
Ditto, 9 band parts	20	0	Forty Thieves, drama (Sheridan) p v	5	0
Blind Boy, 4 band parts	5	0	Foundling of the Forest, p. v.	3	6
Blue Beard, drama, p. v.	5	0	Ditto, 7 band parts	5	0
Blue Beard Repaired, p. v.	30	0	Fra Diavola, burl., p v	20	0
Blue Beard [Byron's] burl. p. v.	15	0	Ditto, 9 band parts	15	0
Ditto, 6 band parts	10	0	Frankenstein, burl. 6 band parts	5	0
Blue Beard [Miss Keating] p. v.	6	0	Funny Facts & Foolish Facts, p. v.	7	6
Bombastes, p. v.	7	6	Ganem, vocal, 13 band parts	15	0
Ditto, 8 band parts	7	6	Geraldine, p v.	10	0
Bride of Abydos, drama, 6 b. pts	5	0	Gilderoy, 5 band parts	5	0
Bride of Lammermoor, drama,			Golden Fleece, song, "I'm still ...		
5 band parts	7	6	flutter," p v	1	0
Brigand, score and 3 band parts	7	3	Good Night Signor Pantaloon, p. v.	20	0
Bronze Horse drama, band parts	20	0	Guy Mannering, drama, p v	10	0
Brown and the Brahmins, burl. p. v.	15	0	Ditto, 6 band parts	7	6
Brother and Sister, opera, p. v.	5	0	Gwynneth Vaughan, p. v., 6 b. pts	5	0
Bottle Imp, drama, 1 & 2 violin, basso	3	0	Happy Man, p v.	3	6
Cabinet, opera, p. v.	3	0	Ditto, 10 band parts	7	6
Camarlazaman, extrav. p. v.	15	0	Hamlet, grave-digger's song & acc.	1	0
Castle of Andalusia, p. v. & 3 b. pts	5	0	Haunted Mill, p v	3	6
Castle Spectre, opera, p. v.	2	6	Haunted Tower, comic opera, p v	5	0
Cataract of Ganges, dra., 6 b. parts	10	0	He would be an Actor, full score	2	9
Charles XII, instrumental of song,			Highland Lassie Ballet, 3 band pts.	3	0
"Rise, Gentle Moon"	3	6	High Life below Stairs, song, "All		
Children in the Wood, opera, p v.	2	6	in a Livery"	1	0
Ching Chang Fon, burl. p v	10	0	House that Jack Built, full score	10	0
Cinderella [Byron] burl. 8 band pts	20	0	Hunter of the Alps, p. v.	3	6
Cinderella [Byron] burl. p v	20	0	Ill-treated Trovatore, p. v.	15	0
Cinderella [Miss Keating] burl. p v	5	0	Ditto, 9 band parts	15	0
Colleen Bawn, drama, 8 band parts	10	0	Illustrious Stranger, p. v.	5	0
Comus, opera, p v	5	0	Innkeeper's Daughter, 4 b. parts	5	0
Court of Lyons, burl. p v	15	0	Invincibles, The, 5 band parts	5	0
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Crickets on Hearth, dra. 10 band pts	5	0	Ditto, 8 band parts	10	0
Music, opera, p v	2	6	Ixion, D.V.	20	0

	p.	α.		p.
Ision, 9 band parts	15	0	Oak Chest, 10 band parts	10
Jack and the Beanstalk, p. v.	7	6	Octoroon, 10 band parts	15
Jack Robinson and his Monkey, 6 band parts	5	0	Of Age to-morrow, opera	3
Jack Sheppard (songs in)	1	0	Of Noble Birth, p. v.	7
Jeanette's Wedding Day, p. v.	15	0	Orpheus and Eurydice, [Brough] p.v.	2
Joan of Arc, burl. p. v.	15	0	Padlock, The, opera, p. v.	3
Joan of Arc, drama, 4 band parts ..	5	0	Pas de Fascination, 8 band parts ...	5
John of Paris	10	0	Patient Penelope, p.v.....	10
Kenilworth, burl. p. v.	20	0	Perdita, burl. p. v.	20
King Alfred and the cakes, burl.p.v.	3	0	Puss in Wisdom, p. v.	10
Lady Godiva, vocal, and 13 band pts.	20	0	Pirates, opera, p.v.	5
Lady of the Lake, score, 5 b. p. ..	7	6	Pizarro, p. v.	3
Lady of Lyons, [Byron] burl. p. v....	15	0	Ditto, 4 band parts	2
Ditto, 5 band parts	10	0	Prince Niccy Nosey, p. v.	7
La Sonnambula [Byron] burl.	15	0	Princess Charming, p. v.	20
Ditto, 6 band parts	10	0	Prize, The, opera, p. v.	2
Little Red Riding Hood, p. v.	7	6	Puss in Boots, [Planché] full score	7
Loan of a Lover, p. v.	5	0	Puss in Boots [Miss Keating] p. v.	5
Lodoiska, opera, p. v.	2	6	Quaker, p. v.	5
Lord Lovel, p. v.	7	6	Raymond and Agnes, 3 band parts	3
Lost and Found, p. v.	5	0	Review, p. v.	5
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Love in a Village, p. v.	5	0	Rob Roy, p. v.	5
Love in a Village, 7 band parts ..	7	6	Ditto, 8 band parts	5
Love Laughs at Locksmiths, p. v.	3	6	Robin Hood, burl. p. v.	15
Lucille, 6 band parts	5	0	Ditto, 8 band parts	15
Luke Somerton, 10 band parts	7	6	Robinson Crusoe, p. v. (evening ent.)	5
Luke the Labourer, 6 band parts ..	2	6	Robinson Crusoe [Byron], p.v. ..	7
Macbeth, tragedy, v. score & 8 b. pts.	19	0	Rosina, opera, p. v.	3
Macbeth Travestie, p. v.	7	6	Sardanapalus, tragedy, entire music	7
Ditto, 4 band parts	5	0	School Boy-cd, p. v.	10
Madame Angot, p. v.	5	0	Sentinel, p. v.	5
Maid and Magpie, drama, p. score...	3	6	Ditto, 14 band parts	15
Maid and Magpie, [Byron] burl. p.v.	20	0	Shepherd of Couronilles, p. v	3
Ditto, 9 band parts	15	0	Siege of Rochelle, p. v.	10
Maid of the Mill, opera, p. v.	2	6	Sleeping Beauty [Miss Keating] p.v.	5
Maid with Milking Pail (song)	1	0	Sister's Sacrifice, 11 band parts....	15
Manager Strutt, 8 band parts	5	0	Sweethearts and Wives, p. v.	5
Mariner's Compass, drama, 15 b. p....	15	0	Swiss Swains, v. sc. opening chorus	5
Marriage Figaro, C'tess pt, with bass	5	0	Swiss Cottage, p. v.	5
Mary Thruer, p. v.	10	0	Ditto, 6 band parts	5
Ditto, 12 band parts	15	0	Ten Tortured Tutors, p. v.	7
Masaniello, burl. p. v.	20	0	Tell with a Vengeance, p. v.	7
Masaniello, drama, 4 band parts	3	6	Ditto, 10 band parts	7
Mazeppa, 10 band parts	10	0	Therese, 5 band parts	5
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Ditto, 8 band parts	10	0	Trombalcazar, p. v.	7
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Mids. Night's Dream, [Bishop] p. v.	7	6	Vampire, 4 band parts	5
Military Billy Taylor, p. v.	15	0	Watch and Wait, drama, 8 band parts	7
Miller and Men, burl. p. v.	10	0	White Horse of Peppers, p. v.	2
Ditto, 9 band parts	10	0	Ditto, 6 band parts	2
Miller and Men, drama, 5 band parts	7	6	William Tell [Brough] p. v.	2
Miller Out-witted, 3 band parts ..	2	6	White Cat [Keating] p. v.	3
Minerali, 3 band parts	2	6	White Cat [Planché] full score	5
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Monsieur Jacques, p. v.	5	0	Whittington, Junior, & his Cat	15
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Motto, burl. 9 band parts	15	0	Willow Pattern Plate, 9 band parts	7
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Ditto, 8 band parts	7	6	Who's the Heir, operetta. p. v.	4
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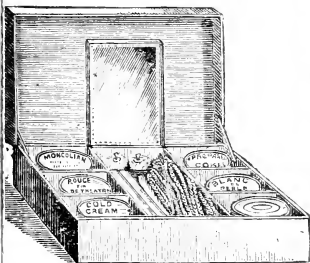
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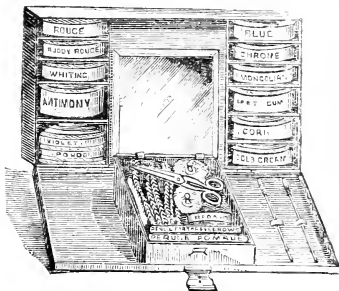
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